

“This I believe”

Singing is a way of expressing my feelings. A beautiful song can touch my heart ----- surrounded by music, I think a heart of stone can soften and beat with the rhythm of the music. Each note to me carries feelings and thoughts; the rests, a moment of silence; the chorus, life's moment of climax; the last chord, the melodious harmony to a perfect end of a blissful life. I believe that music change people's lives and often their hearts as well.

Since I had the first memory of my childhood, my parents have been fond of music. Naturally, they loved singing. Perhaps they inspired me to share this passion as well, because for as long as I can remember, singing has played an important role in my life. In my toddling years, I hummed to any tune I spontaneously thought of in my head. Just like a conductor's rhythm, these years started a musical journey; a melodic piece I created. Once I developed my voice, I could not stop singing, a sweet euphonious voice resonating till today.

My parents often played songs from Enya and Collin Raye in the car, which is about all I can remember. This song from Collin Raye, “Love me” played an exceptional part in my childhood. My parents were often quarrelling over small issues in the car and I would be sitting in the back seat muttering under my breath, wishing they would stop as their voices grew louder. Then, the chorus played, “Don't give up on me.... But I'm not gonna let you down... Love, me.” Their voices would fade off. That was the power of the song.

Then, in an unfortunate turn of events, my mother was diagnosed with cancer. It was not easy for my father as he had to work and take care of my mother, though he always took time out to spend time with my elder sister and I. The atmosphere at home was gloomy like dark ominous clouds looming over us and the songs ceased. That year was my moment of silence but I found out how singing could express all my feelings when words could not. That silence was not awkward, it made us all anticipate ----- anticipating that my mother would one day recover, anticipating the music to come rushing back again.

The former never happened; I lost my mother at the age of 6. It was uncomfortable then, staying in a house which lacked a female touch. I have always

wished for my father to be happier, his weary face when he came back home from work every day was excruciating to observe. Then one day, I heard a familiar song playing in his car, "If you get there before I do, don't give up on me, I'll meet you when my chores are through, I don't know how long I'll be... Love, me." It was then I realised my father finally let go. That moment was the perfect ending to my mother's life.

I often asked myself, was that to be the only song in my life? No, I am to create new songs, new stanzas and bars in my life. Music never dies as it touches many hearts, it lives in us. Singing might seem like an insignificant thing to people, but to me, singing is more than projecting notes. It is a universal language to our hearts, a voice that will never fade; this I believe.